Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great Douglas, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishops Grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why, Harry do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neerest and deerest enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgiue them, that so much haue sway de
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on Percies head:
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And staine my fauours in a bloudy maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
And that shall bee the day, when ere it lights
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotspur, this all praysed knight,
And your vnthought of Harry chance to meet,
For euery honor sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promise here,
The which if he be pleasd, I shall performe
I do beseech your Maiesty may salue,
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousands deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

Kin. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraigne trust herein,
How now good Blunt? thy lookes are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the businesse that I come to speake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleuenth of this month at Shrewsburie,
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promises be kept on euery hand)
As euer offred foule play in a state.

Kin. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day,
With him my sonne Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
For this aduertisement is fiue daies old,
On wednesday next. Harry, thou shalt set forward
On Thursday, we our selues will march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry you shall march
Through Glocestershire, by which account
Our businesse valued some twelue daies hence
Our generall forces at Bridgenorth shall meet
Our hands are full of businesse, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not falne away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an olde apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that sodainely, while I am in some